

THE MEREDITH EAGLE

VOL. 1.

MEREDITH, N. H., FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1880.

NO. 19.

The Politician.

Who is it stands, without retreating,
In thirty morn and twilight late,
With warmth unvoiced all men greeting,
Who is it stands by the outer gate?

It is—it is the candidate
Whose backbone is thus oft deflected;

His name is on the Boss's slate;

He begs that he may be elected.

By day he does his duty, treating

To meat and drink both small and great;

He feels his pocket fast depleting;

He cannot bear to contemplate

The doubt he cannot bathe create—

The thought that he may be rejected,—

The dread that makes him desperate.

He begs that he may be elected.

At night his dreams are few and fleeting,

He faintly sees his future fate;

He fears the foe may try "repeating,"

Or fraudulently perpetrate

Some vile attempt to capture

Such voters as are disaffected.

In flight he wakes unfortunate:

He begs that he may be elected.

Envoy.

Voters! whose voices guide the state,

Now shall ye find, were he dissected,

No principles within his pate;

He begs—that he may be elected.

—Arthur Penn.

CLAMS.

"So now you have the whole story, Richard Palfrey; I have kept back nothing—not the inmost thought of my heart."

"And I love you all the better," answered Richard Palfrey, gravely, but with a joyful light in his eyes.

"And you will not be jealous, or think that my heart is going back—" Elizabeth did not complete the sentence.

"Not I, sweetheart. Perhaps it is my self-conceit, but I hardly think I should be jealous of that same gallant, if he stood before us."

"And you would have no need," answered Elizabeth, sighing with the manner of one who throws off a heavy load; and then, smiling, she added: "Yet he was a personable man, too, and wore his clothes in the best court mode, and understood all the best graces in the management of horse and weapon. I were loath he should challenge you to the combat."

"And so were I," answered the young man, laughing. "I would not have you see your two swains tied neck and heels together, and set up for a laughing stock, as was done with the two duellists down at Plymouth. But as to the fight, I should have no fear. The choice of weapons would be mine, and I would give mine adversary an axe and set him at yonder great oak, while I attacked the other. We would soon see who was the best man. But here comes your honored father to interrupt our conference."

"Well, my young ones, have you come to an accord?" asked Mr. Rosseter, as he drew near. Then smiling, as he looked at them, "But I see I need not ask. So then, daughter Elizabeth, you accept this mighty hunter—this lifter-up of axes upon thick trees—as your husband?"

"Yes, my father, since such is your desire," answered Elizabeth, demurely; "I have no wish to oppose your will."

"See what it is to have a dutiful child! She ever does her father's will when it jumps with her own!" said Mr. Rosseter, and then more gravely, "but to forbear jesting, which perhaps does not become so grave a matter, thou hast ever been good and faithful daughter, and I doubt not will prove a faithful wife. I give thee a great treasure, Richard Palfrey; see thou abuse it not."

"Heaven deal so with me as I am true to her," answered Richard Palfrey, as he met the iron grasp of his future father-in-law's hand with a pressure equally firm.

"And now to other matters," said Mr. Rosseter; "Richard, have you any corn or meal?"

"Neither grain nor kernel!" answered Richard, with a sudden change of expression. "I believe few are better off, save perhaps the governor."

"And he will not be so long, since he divides his store with all the sick and old people. I know not what will be done unless some ship come quickly to our relief. But for that dependence which never fails, I should say we were in a desperate case. Here are the fishers come home all but empty-handed, after a four days' trial."

"We have the clam-banks, my father," said Elizabeth. "They seem to be inexhaustible, and the clams are wholesome and agreeable."

What was it Elizabeth had told Richard Palfrey as they came home together from the "exercise" that winter's day in Boston. She had said to her father that she could not give her promise to marry the man of his choice and her own till she had a private talk with him, and her father had consented and even approved, gently checking his wife when she murmured that by-gones had best be by-gones. What was this "by-gone" which good Mrs. Palfrey dредned? Merely that Richard Palfrey had not been Elizabeth Rosseter's first love.

Three years before, in the garden of a gray old manor-house in Devonshire, two lovers had talked together in the sweet summer twilight, as those two had just been doing in the gloomy glowering of the short cold February day in Boston. One was Elizabeth Rosseter, a girl then just blooming into womanhood, pale, with eyes full of grief, and a face all alive with pain, shame, and anger at the man she loved. The other figure in the group was that of a handsome man, richly

dressed in the extreme of the ugly and unmanly fashion of the day, with stuffed satin breeches, long, carefully curled love-locks.

"Tut, tut! let us hear no more of it!" said he. "Tis but a girl's whim of self-sacrifice."

"You ever treat me as a child!" was the passionate reply.

"Because you are a child, and a naughty, unreasonable child to boot!" said the cavalier. "Else would you never think of leaving such a home as this, where you may reign as queen, to follow your father's broken fortunes to Leyden or the ends of the earth. Let us hear no more of it. Wipe those tear-stained cheeks, and bid your woman braid your locks and bind them with the pearls I brought from London."

Elizabeth Rosseter drew herself up, and her eyes flashed through her tears.

"Hear me, Sir Arthur Patmore, for this matter is graver than you think. I have considered well, and my mind is firmly made up. My father has ever been the best of fathers, and his wife a most kind mother. I will wed no man who is ashamed of them. I will follow my father's broken fortunes to Leyden or the ends of the earth. If you take me at all, it must needs be from my father's house and with his blessing."

"Then Mistress Elizabeth Rosseter, you must needs take the consequence!" answered Sir Arthur, growing angry and speaking in a cold, hard voice. "I have borne with your whim because I thought it would not last. The matter is here, if you are to be my wife, you must forget that you have any family but mine, any duty but to me. There are those who tell me that, with my position in the county, to say naught of court favor, I should be wiser to consult my interest in wedding some one more nearly mine equal—some one at least not the daughter of a poor Puritan squire under suspicion of the government. My love has made me despise all these disadvantages, but now the time and place has come for a clear understanding. I tell you plainly that I will never call your father mine, nor go to Leyden for a wife. Make your choice."

He had avoided looking at her while speaking, but now he turned and held out his arms with a smile saying in a caressing tone:

"Come, let there be an end of this! Kiss and be friends. Let your father go his way, and abide here with your aunt, and all shall be well."

But Elizabeth Rosseter drew herself up pale and stately as a statue.

"I thank you, Sir Arthur, for putting the matter so plainly. I have made my choice, and shall abide thereby. I give you back your ring and bid you farewell."

Sir Arthur looked with amazement at the figure which flitted from him, and then stooped to pick up the ring she had cast at his feet.

But when Sir Arthur came again after the lapse of a week, he was met, not with the love he fondly expected, but with the news that Mistress Elizabeth had gone away with her father.

"But did she leave no message—no letter?" asked the bewildered lover.

No, there was none—only a great pack of all his letters. They were very fine letters, for Sir Arthur was a poet with all his other graces—the jewels, the ribbons, the lute, the music—not one thing had she kept of all his gifts. He turned them over and over—no, there was no letter. Sir Arthur went home to vow he would forget the little Puritan. But he did not find forgetfulness easy. He had sworn that he would never go to Leyden for a wife. Nevertheless to Leyden he went the very next spring, to find that he had come on a fool's errand.

"You are under a mistake, sir," pastor Robinson had said to him, without a glance of reproach at his finery. "Mr. Rosseter hath not been in Leyden to my knowledge. That excellent Christian gentleman wrote me that he meant to join the company who are even now preparing to settle at Massachusetts Bay, under the leadership of worshipful Mr. Winthrop."

"And his daughter—I mean Mistress Elizabeth—does she go with him?" asked Sir Arthur.

"Aye, doubtless; also his wife and ten little ones—a treasure to carry into the wilderness; but the women will not remain behind."

Sir Arthur turned home disappointed.

This was the story Elizabeth Rosseter told Richard Palfrey that chilly February evening in the town of Boston. And Richard Palfrey had declared that he liked her the better, and that he should never be jealous of the fine gentleman, though they stood face to face. Richard was her father's partner—a kinsman, and in some sort an adopted son, and had come over in the same ship. Even on the voyage, Mr. Rosseter remarked to his wife that he should be well pleased to have Richard and Elizabeth take a mutual liking. To which that good lady had answered:

"Then, my dear heart, if you would have it so—and stranger things have happened—keep your own counsel, and never hint your wishes even by a look. You, my husband, is a plant that will not be cultivated, though it often grows of itself."

And Edward Rosseter, like a wise man, took his wife's counsel. And so by degrees the image of the grave, stalwart young Puritan supplanted in Elizabeth's heart that of Sir Arthur Patmore. She had come near to dying of grief for him, but she was too clear-sighted and right-minded not to estimate him at his true

value when set free from the witchery of his presence, and now she never thought of him without a flush of shame that she should have loved one so little worthy.

Richard had declared that he should not fear being brought face to face with his gay rival, though the trial was nearer than they thought.

The fast day appointed by the governor was drawing near. The wolf was indeed at the door. Scarcely any one had either meat or ought to supply its place, and day after day whole families sat down to their dinner or supper without a mouthful of anything to represent bread. The clam banks were the great source of supply, and every day when the tide served, the women of the colony went down to dig the long clams, the use of which they had learned from the Indians; while the men worked at the houses or fences, or hunted and fished, often with indifferent success.

It was drawing toward the close of the day before the fast, when Richard Palfrey went down to the clam-bank to meet his brother and help bring up her burden.

"There comes Richard again," said Jack Rosseter, a boy of fourteen, and Elizabeth's favorite among her dozen of brothers. "I am sure I can help you with the basket as well as he."

"He comes to leave you at liberty to help Catherine Sloughton!" answered Elizabeth, laughing. She raised herself from her stooping position as she spoke, and stood as transfixed, with her eyes turned seaward.

"What is it, sister? What do you see?" asked Jack, and then following the direction of her eyes, he burst into a jubilant shout:

"A sail! a sail! an English ship! Hurrah!"

"An English ship—ay, and a great ship! The Lord be praised! He hath not cast us off!" Such were the exclamations from one and another.

"You will come to supper!" said Elizabeth to Richard Palfrey as they parted at the corner of her father's in-closure. "I am going to bake the clams Indian fashion, as the sagamore's wife taught me; they are savory, I assure you."

"I shall come to prove them, you may be sure."

Elizabeth was met at the door of the log house by her step-mother. The little girl's face expressed a very unusual perturbation.

"Here you are, at last, poor, tired child. And whom think you have in this same ship?"

"Elizabeth, let your heart speak! I am sure you love me more than that this clodhopper upon whom your beautified father would throw you aw."

"Remember how it was three years ago."

"Elizabeth, you cannot sacrifice!"

"Tis no sacrifice, Sir Arthur. It is my own free choice."

"Elizabeth, let your heart speak! I am sure you love me more than that this clodhopper upon whom your beautified father would throw you aw."

"I remember well, Sir Arthur!" interrupted Elizabeth. "I have not forgotten our parting, when you cast me aside like a worn glove, because I would not receive my duty, my own father!"

"But things are changed now!" said Sir Arthur, feeling all the time that he was not advancing his own cause, yet unable to forbear the argument. "Your father being so far away—"

"You would condescend to endure his existence at the distance of three thousand miles. But things are changed indeed. Three years ago I was a child. I loved you with all the love a child has ever had."

"That did he, for I saw him. Yes, he has brought enough to turn out fast a feast of Thanksgiving; but she has also brought no less a person than your old friend, Sir Arthur Patmore."

"What has brought him hither?" said Elizabeth. "This Saul among the prophets, indeed. Here is no place to show off his fine clothes."

"Tis not hard to tell what has brought him, since he has asked for you six times already. But do you slip into neighbor Mullen's house and I will send your blue gown, so as you can dress before we see you!"

Elizabeth thought for a moment, and then a laughing light came into her eyes.

"Dear mother, you are won to call me your wise daughter. Will you let me manage this gear mine own way?"

"Ay, that will I!" answered Mrs. Rosseter.

"I know you will carry off your own self wisely and becomingly. And I must say you never looked prettier than you do this minute."

Elizabeth carried her little hoe and her basket of clams. As her mother opened the door she walked in and sauntered the company.

"I give you good evening, gentlemen," said she, with statesman-like and becoming modesty. "Sir Arthur, you are welcome to these shores. I trust you bring good news from all the friends in Devonshire, Nay, I cannot give you my hand till I have washed it."

For once the accomplished courtesan was at a loss. He had risen at Elizabeth's entrance and advanced to meet her, but stood as if stupefied, while she spoke to the other gentlemen and then passed out at the farther door. Elizabeth had grown from a lovely, unformed girl into a majestic, beautiful woman.

"And what have you to feal us with to-night?" asked Mr. Rosseter, as Elizabeth returned, with her sleeves turned up from her white wrists and a coarse apron over her tuff gown.

"Even a dish of clams roasted in Indian fashion, my father!"

Sir Arthur sat as if under a spell while Elizabeth and her brothers swept the hearth clean, built thereon a circle of stones, and placing the clams on their edges within, covered them with flat stones, and then with hot embers and light fuel.

"Will you not stay and share our feast?" asked Mrs. Rosseter, Mr. Bradstreet a neighbor too.

"Nay, madam, my own wife will await me. Mr. Rosseter, let me speak a word with you concerning the business you

have in view."

"Methinks yonder gallant hath an eye

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C. H. KIMBALL,
Editor and Proprietor.

S. H. Robie, Manager.

Office, Prescott's Block.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1880.

INTRODUCTORY.

With this number, the undersigned assumes the proprietorship of the EAGLE, which has been so well managed by its recent owner, Mr. S. H. Robie. On this account, no very radical changes will be made at present, but certain improvements will be introduced from time to time as occasion may demand, for the owner will constantly endeavor to keep before him the best interests of his readers.

Believing that late and accurate local news should be one of the main features, every effort will be made to render the paper complete in this respect, and the indulgence and aid of all its numerous friends is invoked to accomplish this result. But little space will be devoted to politics, yet whenever it is necessary to refer to them it will be from a truly independent standpoint.

A large amount of interesting miscellaneous matter will be given every week, and the interests of temperance and all other moral reforms will be given a constant and firm support. Finally, whatever is of importance to the readers of the EAGLE will be fairly and impartially treated, as the success of the community and a newspaper published in its midst are identical, so that this paper will always be the champion and defender of whatever concerns the welfare of its patrons.

As heretofore the EAGLE will be under the personal management of Mr. S. H. Robie, in the future as in the past, will undoubtedly attend to all the details as carefully and satisfactorily as any person could desire,

as that with our united efforts and experience it is hoped that no one will have cause to complain.

Most Respectfully Yours,
C. H. KIMBALL.

NEWS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS.

RUMNEY. Miss Mary H. Dix has gone to New- port for the remainder of the season.

Mr. P. A. Ramsey and wife, of Boston, are stopping at T. G. Stevens' house.

Frank Belles and W. D. Baker have returned from their recent visitings during his vacation. They report a pleasant time during their absence.

Some hot days have come since our last report and one severe case of sunstroke occurred at Alton. Laborers should wear some kind of large green leaves, in their hats occasionally wetting them with cold water, which is generally a sure prevention of a stroke from the sun.

David Webster, of Blodfords, Me., a native and for many years a resident of this town and family has been visiting his brothers, Charles G. and Alfred Webster.

ASHLAND. Miss Carrie H. Scribner and Alice M. Cheney and Masters George E. Scribner and J. M. Cheney went to Titon for the fall term Wednesday.

Our schools are to commence week after next with the same teachers as in the summer.

The Andover drum corps will give a promenade concert Saturday night at the town hall. Admission ten cents.

Wednesday night there was a frost in several places around here.

Mr. and A. E. Porter have been to Haverhill N. H. Willie Hughes was

there during Mr.

George A. Hardy, and family, John Chandler and wife, are spending a week at Macon, Cuttage, Lake Beach. They report much pleasure physical profit. Messrs. Hardy and Chandler are prosperous residents Boston, but will be remembered by many of the readers of the JOURNAL as prominent in the social circles of this vicinity fifteen years ago. PATRICK.

The Daisy Cottage boarding house of L. B. Clark's is kept on the European plan.

THORNTON. The Hancock & English Club is doing well under the leadership of Marvin J. Hazelton and John C. Saarborn as president and vice president. Alfred Bowen, secretary; respectively. The club has not become a permanent organization and democrats are still invited to join.

Jonathan B. Sanborn and wife started Monday last on a western trip of three or four months.

The Merrill house is fast filling up with boarders.

Charles Luther who was once a resident of this place is stopping with his friends here.

Almon Steele shot a large black snake near his residence a few days ago, it was four feet and 7 inches in length.

HOLOPHENES. John H. Evans has arrived in town after an absence of one year and a half in Canada and the provinces.

Stephan Drew is erecting a new house near the site of his dwelling. His son Charles is expected to accept it when completed.

WEST RUMNEY.

The Death angel has again entered our family circle and taken the last link from the chain of parental love. Florence Mabel, the only remaining child of S. J. and Mary E. Keulston, of West Rumney, died Aug. 12, 1880, of cholera infantum. She was sick only a few hours; everything was done by friends and physician that could be but all was of no avail, she lingered a short time and was gone. How sad is that home without the presence of little Flossy, whose place is vacant, nowhere can we hear the little voice, no where can we hear her call to mamma. E. A. everywhere. It speaks so plainly our darling is gone. In every place she was a beautiful child, the only bright spot in a fond father's life and the ideal of a loving mother. It seems that God in his goodness and wisdom has借此 those hearts of the only hope of happiness in this life to fit them for a happy reunion in the life which is to come, and not only do they miss her, but every heart that knew her is made sad for to see her love her. May God with his love bind up the broken hearted ones, and help us all to say the will of God be done, for she was too pure for earth, just fit for heaven.

Charles Learned, of Boston, and Harry Ordway, of Lowell ascended Mt. Katahdin, Aug. 24, and registered their names in the Appalachian Mountain Club bottle on the top.

The workmen on the Mooselanke turnpike have completed that road for nearly half the way with spruce and birch logs.

I. Merrill Heath who has been quite sick is getting better.

Mrs Ruth Harriman, of Warren Summit, a woman celebrated and widely known is dead.

Miss Sarah C. Merrill has returned to Warren for a short visit.

WENTWORTH.

The annual Universalist Grove Meeting was held at Wentworth, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. The weather was somewhat unfavorable the first day, but Sunday was very pleasant, and there were about 1,000 present. Rev. Mr. Smith, of Concord, was the principal speaker. Mr. Bishop, of Somerville, Mass., in the afternoon. Rev. Mr. Maguire, State Secretary, Rev. Mr. Fiske, of West Rumney, Hon. Joseph Kidder, of Manchester, and others participated.

LACONIA.

Messrs. Shaw & Davis have leased a portion of the basement of the Academy Hotel and are doing a thriving business as renovators of feather beds, pillows and bath mattresses. Their method is of late years the most popular in the curing of all kinds we have ever seen. No family should allow the germs of disease for a moment to exist in or about their sleeping apartments. SHAW & DAVIS.

CAMPBELL.

Mr. Dustin Monton, B. B. Southard and wife and Charles Johnson picked fifty quarts of blackberries in three hours on Tuesday last.

The school in district No. 4 commenced its second term on Monday last, taught by Miss Lizzie Whittlemore, an efficient teacher.

The boarding business is unabated. There are more boarders in town than ever before.

Gordon Avery lost a valuable horse recently.

John Foster was kicked a few days ago by a horse and a broken arm was the consequence.

E. C. Taylor is sick with rheumatic difficulty. Dr. W. A. Smith attends him.

Nathaniel Greeley has been very sick this week and it is feared he cannot recover.

The city people are beginning to leave for their homes.

Monday and Tuesday of this week the mercury ran up to 95° in the shade and one man from Mill Brook reports 100° in shade. We think it must have been a very thin shade.

Probably the biggest string of trout that has been caught in the Pemigewasset valley within the last ten years was taken from "Sly Pond" last week, by Joseph Ham and Lucas Smith. They reported 74 pounds as the actual weight which they said at the time house.

Republican caucus at the Town house, Monday Aug. 30, at 1-3 o'clock P. M.

The fullest house of the season, at the Congregational church, last Sabbath, to hear Rev. Dr. Knobell, of Chelmsford.

Daniel Gould and wife, of Almont, Evans of Salem, have been visiting at their Uncle John M. Blasdell's house and at their Uncle Henry Currier's, Plymouth.

The name of Gardner Little, an organist, with the quartette choir at the funeral of Mrs. Dooley, was omitted by the type-setter of the JOURNAL last week in setting up our article.

Rev. Quincy Blakey and wife have returned from their recent visitings during his vacation. They report a pleasant time during their absence.

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WOODSTOCK. Rev. D. Connell preached at the W. B. Baptist church last Sunday.

W. J. Sanborn, clerk for Webster Russell & Co., Plymouth, has been in town on a vacation.

Mrs. Nelson, of Ashland, daughter of Daniel Dearborn, has been visiting her parents and relatives in this town for several weeks. She is to return the first of next month.

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NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

Maine.

The total amount of salt received at the bonded warehouse at Eastport from August 15th to August 1800, was 78,173 bushels, the greater portion of which was used in the local fish packing houses in that town and surrounding places.

A disease said to be "black leg" has made its appearance among the cattle of Northfield. Harrison Smith has lost seven head, Mr. Hooper four head and several others one or more each.

A man named Drew of Waterville, in the employ of the Maine Central railroad, was killed while coupling cars at Androscoggin recently.

The schooner D. H. Ingraham recently sailed with a fishing craft west Rockland, and William Lawton with his two sons Henry and Loring who were in the fishing boat were drowned.

Ward & Co., of Biddeford, are building an apple factory at Cornish. They will put in two machines, giving employment to about fifty people, and will be ready for work in about three weeks.

Thaddeus Hibbard of Gardiner, a highly respectable physician, recently through mistake took a dose of tincture of sassafras root, from the effects of which he died in about an hour and a half.

A misplated switch at Portland a few days ago threw two freight cars into a small building, killing Charles Dyer, a shipwright, aged 68.

G. Boynton of Sydney was drowned in the Kennebec river, recently. While sailing with two other men, the boat capsized and Boynton sank in endeavoring to reach the shore.

Joshua Dunn, postmaster of Portland, died recently, aged 85. He was a veteran of the war of 1812, and was known as the "Hero of Skuttage" from a humorous speech he once made in the Legislature.

New Hampshire.

Nelly Bryan was before the court in Portsmouth, recently, charged with violating the Sunday liquor law, and being adjudged guilty was assessed fines and costs amounting to \$1,100.

Moses H. Sanborn, a driver of Russell, Sayward & Co.'s express, was arrested at Westerville a few days ago, charged with wrongfully appropriating \$500 of their money to his own use.

Co. D, Heavy Artillery, of Portsmouth, of the 1st regiment, New Hampshire N. G., has by request been disbanded by order of state authority. A company is to be raised at Southwick to fill the vacancy.

The leather manufacturing company at Dracut, invested \$10,000 for the benefit of Maynard Garrison in the recent election.

The 1st regiment will be encamped at the riding park, Manchester, from Sept. 12 to 17.

Parker Merrill of Hopkinton lately killed a common striped snake that inclosed no less than sixty-seven young ones over eight inches in length.

George H. Colly shot a blue heron near Somers, probably a female, a few days since, that measured 6 feet 6 inches in length, 4 feet 8 inches, weight of bill 7 inches.

Peter Knapp, a well known and respected citizen of Stewartstown, died very suddenly a few evenings since, before engaged in pitching hay in his barn, when it is supposed, he ruptured a blood vessel near the heart.

As many wagons containing seven gentlemen and five ladies from Boston were on their way recently from Orford, N. H., to the copper mines, a part of it gave way while it was turning a corner and all of the party were more or less injured, Oscar Weeden having a leg broken just above the ankle. Others were knocked insensible, and many had their heads injured.

Joseph Williams of Kittery, Me., a prominent church member, is under suspicion of stealing copper from the Portsmouth navy yard, where he was long a foreman.

Keen officers are after James Morgan, who has swindled merchants with bogus checks on the National Exchange bank.

United States Marshals have made raids at York Beach, and at N. T. Joy, of the New Hampshire horse, Green Mountain, and Fred. Frieser, for transacting business without compliance with the revenue laws.

Vermont.

It is reported at Brattleboro that William Witten, the disfavored son, who has gone West to make a fortune and relive his father's name, wrote to a prominent lawyer for his father's sake to stop the suit, and his name withdrawn from public mention, lest his interests, which were identical with the stockholders', should suffer.

The Seventh Day Adventists of Vermont will hold their annual state camp meeting this year at Morrisville Sept. 2 to 7. Elder James W. Miller, wife of Battle Creek, Mich., and Eliza Green, widow of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, will make addresses.

At West Hartford recently, A. C. Bean, roadmaster of the Central Vermont road, laid the last rail of the new steel track, on the portion of this road extending from West Hartford, within seventeen miles of St. John, Vt. Q. S. Smith, president of the road, on the remaining miles and will lay it out. This will give a continuous steel track 163 miles north of that place.

Stephen Miner, aged 50, has committed suicide at Milton by hanging with a rope so long that his knees touched the floor.

Dover held \$11,000 of the stock of the New England Granite bank.

The family of Shaeffer, the absconding drayer, of Middlebury, has received a large sum of \$5000, another mortgage on top of it to ex-Gov. Stewart for \$1000, supposed to be part of Stewart's fee in the Shaeffer-Hammond suit; \$1000 having been paid in cash before the close of the suit.

Edward J. Mason, graduate of Dartmouth college and Newton theological institution, was ordained to the work of the ministry at Passaic recently. He goes to Raleigh, N. C.

Massachusetts.

The church recently erected by the Catholics of Concord was dedicated recently.

Locally unknown person put London prints, a potato-bug seed, in the wells he was laying to James A. King, and Mrs. Alfred Hodges at East Foxborough. The water was so badly colored that both families fled to drink it.

Jesse Daniels of Arlington won the belt of the Y.M.C.A. association, by ending over two hours of clowns.

A New Bedford policeman had a family jar with his wife the other day, and came out second. He then put on his coat and in the judge's office tried to arrest her, but she knocked him down and sat on him.

Jesse Daniels and John McKenna had a wrestling match at Union on a recent Sunday, and Daniels broke a blood vessel. McKenna is held for manslaughter.

Harvard college has had 22 presidents in 242 years, of whom Edward Holyoke served longest, 32 years. The first was Henry Dunster, 1643-1644, thought to have been 30 years old when chosen, only to die in 1644. President Eliot, Leonard Holt, 1675-76, was the first Harvard graduate, and Isaac Hopper, 1685-1701, was the first native American in the chair.

A curious decision was made by the judge of a Boston court recently. John McGrath and George Johnson, who were indicted with an assault and battery on Edward on Aug. 14, disappeared from the evidence that a man named Kellar did the assaulting, and the judge held that if the defendants did not bring Kellar to trial, he would find McGrath and Johnson guilty.

A Boston aeronaut, has in process of construction an immense balloon, for which 200 square yards of material made in Europe and imported by a Philadelphia firm is required. When inflated, this balloon will contain 60,000 cubic feet of gas. A large basket fitted with life preservers and capable of carrying eight persons will be attached. The entire cost will be about \$15,000.

The Richmond iron works have workmen digging at three beds in Richmond and others at the furnaces in that town, in all about 200 hands. They smelt their own iron, and in no doing, by a good deal of charcoal that is burned from the wood of the Berkshire forests.

The telephone war still continues in Boston, with no indication of a cessation of hostilities. Ward, Avery & Co., the Boston partners, notified the telephone companies that they will discontinue using the telephone. Rufus R. Wade, chief of the state detective force, has notified the company to remove their instruments from his office. The Old Colony railroad company has ordered their agents to be prohibited from using the telephone. The Boston and Lowell railroad company has ordered the removal of five instruments.

Charles A. Ashley, of Ashleyville (West Springfield), has been choked to death by a peach stone.

A distemper seems to be spreading among the hounds about Nantucket; many are sick, and several have died, and a few have died. The cause of the disease is a contagion, a rough and a bunch under the throat. After a rough day matter begins to run from this bunch, and the nostrils swell. The legs in some cases are affected.

C. H. Clement, of Haverhill, recovers \$114 damages from the Western Union telegraph company for delayed delivery of a message.

Connecticut.

Burglars blew open a safe in Blackman's jewelry store at Danbury the other night, wrecking the interior and making off with all its contents.

Rev. Frederick M. Houghton, a recent graduate of the Tufts divinity school, is called to the Middletown Universalist church at \$1500.

Mrs. Catherine McGarry is under arrest at New Haven for having \$200 worth of others property in her house, which she says she made her steals.

A young Stamford doctor named Howes became jealous because his sweetheart walked out with another fellow, fired a revolver at his rival, but did not hurt and was arrested, but afterward escaped.

The N. Y. N. H. & H. railroad has at last agreed to give up the right of way and to make a mile disconnection the issue of stop-over checks excited, and has modified it so that the public are in some respects better accommodated than under the system in force before the rule was adopted.

Miss Priscilla B. Leech, a well-known Baptist late of Middletown Springs Vt., gives by will \$8,000 to the state convention, \$2,800 to the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, and \$1,500 to Madison university.

"St. Andrew's by the Sea" is the name of the new church perched on the sand hills at Southampton, L. I. The building was originally a life-saving station, and after being purchased by Dr. Thomas for a barn, was by him presented to the township for an Episcopal place of worship.

Mississippi Methodists do not believe in church fairs. Their conference recently resolved "That church festivals do not develop the grace of liberality, but are detrimental to the spiritual interests of the church, and we will urge upon our members the duty of giving directly to the Church of Christ."

Some wealthy Presbyterians, principally from Ohio, are talking of forming a colony on Lake Chautauqua, close beside the Baptists. The Baptists have erected a spacious tabernacle, with room for 5,000 people. If the Presbyterian colony should be formed, it will be with an arrangement for the use of this building for public services at times when the great Baptist gatherings are not.

The Sabbath day is hallowed when it makes an occasion for all the sweet social graces to find expression in the household; when home life is so care-free, cheerful, contented and happy, that it is truly restful to all members. If fewer people made an idol of the Sabbath, and more of them were less selfish in appropriating its uses, there would not be so many puzzling questions arising from its observance.

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Rev. Elisha Adams, of Concord, N. H., fell dead from apoplexy in his residence in that city, recently. Deceased was born at Williamson, Vt., July 29, 1815. He was pastor of the Methodist church in Concord in 1858-9 and 1867-8. From 1860 to 1867 he filled the office of presiding elder; three years over Claremont and four years over Concord District. At the time of his death he was secretary of the Board of Education, which offices he held some ten years, and trustee of the seminary at Tilton.

Rev. John Francis Aiken, a well known Congregationalist clergyman, died suddenly at Chichester, Mass., recently. He was a son of the late Hon. John Aiken and Mary Means Appleton Aiken, of Andover, Mass., and a nephew of ex-President Pierce. He graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1858, and subsequently he was a teacher at Phillips Academy, Andover, one year, after which he read law at Chicago and in New York city, and practiced in his profession several years at the latter place. Then he gave up the law and prepared for the ministry, preaching several years at Pawlet, Vt.

An Episcopal church recently built at Tacoma, the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, is said to have the oldest tower on this continent. The building is of rude logs, and was put up in less than three weeks. The tower is an immense fir tree, which was seventy feet high, but which has been cut off forty feet above the ground, and surmounted with a bell and cross. The rings of the tree show that it is at least 275 years old. The church looks out on Puget Sound. In the rear Mt. Baker rises to the height of 11,000 feet. A little rectory has been built close by the church.

The Boston girl leads a complicated life. She is "devoted to art." She is a woman of "designs," but she puts them all on canvas. She talks to you about "studies" and shapes, and the new designs she is putting on the "bisque." She walks Commonwealth avenue wrapped in visions. She is as inaccessible as a mermaid when you fondly imagine her meditations are solely on the brilliancy of the last remark with which her presence has inspired you, she is really occupied with her secret cogitations upon the lovely, iridescent pitcher, and wondering if any potter would throw her that particular shape in native clay. The Boston girl carves stately mantels and alluring cabinets; she modles of mornings, and shows marvelous skill in portrait busts; she haunts artists' studios; she frequents the Museum of Fine Arts and spends much time in the Atheneum, and is a devotee of the loan exhibitions. She is born Craftsman, and is also an energetic diffuser of useful knowledge; an humble follower of Eastlake; a fervent disciple of Herbert Spencer, and also an eloquent advocate of woman's suffrage. With an air of resignation she informs you that it is not that she particularly cares to vote, but that she has a solemn conviction that it is her duty. This fair Melusina never misses a lecture upon art. She revels learnedly to you of Michael Angelo's "Fates," and the different interpretations of the Transfiguration. And the latest innovation of this fair saint is, that she turns her boudoir into an oratory, and after an elegantly carved pier-dieu she kneels graciously and presents her petitions in the most faultless of modern classics. For a being of refined taste and elegant culture is she—the fair Boston girl.

There are no horses which are, as a rule, worse fed and cared for than those of the farmer. As soon as the heavy work is done they are put upon a low diet, but amid the bustle and confusion of the commencement of the parade he was not noticed at once. A crowd was finally forced into the animal's jaws, while a blow behind the ears by another crowd placed it effectually out of power to do more harm. The wounded man was then extricated from his still perilous position, the other hyenas meantime making a hideous noise and dangerous demonstrations at the prostrate tamer. A remarkable feature of Drayton's case was that few large and no vital blood vessels had been torn.

While it may be very desirable to save the first seeds of some of our vegetables, such as sweet corn, peas and beans, it is not best to make such a selection from all kinds. The first tomatoes that ripen in the field are the best to be selected for the preservation of the tomato; and to secure improvement of any kind of vegetable it is absolutely necessary to select seeds from those, as they would soon deteriorate the variety; but the best plan is to wait till large, smooth specimens are produced, and from these select seed for future crops. By doing this for a few years you will find that you have wonderfully improved the tomato; and to secure improvement of any kind of vegetable it is absolutely necessary to select the best specimens of every kind. Deterioration ought to have no place in the farmer's vocabulary.

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RELIGIOUS.

Five Presbyterian hospitals in India have treated 95,529 patients.

Bishop Peck is visiting Methodist churches and camp meetings in Ohio.

Four colored Episcopal ministers are at work in Tennessee among the colored people.

Chicago has thirty-one Congregational churches, the first having been organized May 21, 1851.

Rev. S. L. Blake is to be installed over the Fitchburg, Mass., Calvinistic church September 1.

Rev. M. L. Severance resigns from the Orton, Vt., Congregational church to continue soliciting for the Middlebury college fund of \$100,000.

Struggle for Life.

of the principles of human activity, she neither hastens nor rests. Seed-time and harvest come in their appointed time; each season has its special work; each day is joyful of life; but the vast enterprises move forward in such harmony that no eye, however keen, ever yet saw of effort. It is a harmony born of law, and under that law the life of man falls no less than the life of nature. It is the God back of nature whose presence and power we feel in her repose and restfulness; and our lives resting in him may share the same peace which broods among the summer hills, and makes them, to the weary worker, broad pathways up to heaven.—*Christian Union.*

Hints to Farmers.

Sheep that go into quarters in a declining state will demand extra feed and care during the winter, and produce a light clip of wool in the spring.

After haying is over, and the grain is put in the barn, farmers should clear the rocks from their fields, and lay them into a substantial wall. It is a good time to do such work.

Hens require a variety of food, and get excessively tired of one kind. The egg contains almost all the constituents of the human body, and hence the hen must have a variety of food.

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